

W H I G

GARLAND.

W. H. I. G.

G. A. M. D.



HAMPSHIRE

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GARLAND.

Hampshire Whig Garland.

*The C*****s, or Tory Club.*

COME listen Neighbours all, while I tell a merry Story,
'Tis of the Hampshire County Club, that's headed
by a Tory;

Which owes its Institution to the dirty Duke of C——s,
Whose Memory I detest, Sir, as ev'ry honest Man does.

Bow, wow, wow, Liberty for ever, bow, wow, wow.

II.

The first and leading Character, who leads them by the
Nose, Sir,

Is Billy P——'s prime Favourite, the Purser, Georgey R——e,
Sir;

And joined with L——d H——d, both so tender of a Riot,
They put us in a Ferment—to keep the Country quiet.

Bow, wow, &c.

III.

These Tools of Billy P——, name two Creatures of their
own, Sir,

And swear they'll bring 'em in, by the Influence of the
Crown, Sir;

Who'll obey ev'ry Nod of the Minister, depend on't,
And yet the Hursley Baronet—declares he's independent!

Bow, wow, &c.

(4)

IV.

With a Shoot of the Vine, a quondam 'Squire L—, Sir,
A Stranger in the County, with no great Strength of Nob,
Sir;

But to these luckless Puppets won't it be a cursed Griper,
If the Treasury Clerk should refuse to pay the Piper?

Bow, wow, &c.

V.

There's the great P—dd—k W—d—m, so famous in
the County,

So steady to his Principles, so lib'ral of his Bounty;

He may cause muddy Hogheads of his small Beer to be
spilt, Sir,

In hopes Billy P— will assist him in Wiltshire,

Bow, wow, &c.

VI.

There's the blust'ring Trifram Troublesome, a perfect Bear
in Breeches,

He joins the C—s Party, who have the Loaves and
Fishes;

Of his once fav'rite Principles now grown so wond'rous
gay, Sir,

Of Friendship and Kin he breaks thro' ev'ry Tie, Sir,

With his, Bow, wow, wow, Bow, wow, wow, Bow,
wow, wow, wow, Bow, wow, wow,

VII.

But we'll shew Georgey R—e and his kiss-mine-arse
Minions,

That the Hampshire Freeholders dare maintain their own
Opinions;

For Russell and Jervoise are both staunch and true Men,
Sir,

We'll support and return 'em again and again, Sir,

Bow, wow, wow, Liberty for ever, bow, wow, wow.

ORANGE and BLUE;

O R.

The WHIG COLOURS asserted and display'd.

As sung in 1779.

IN the Days of old *Rome*, different Colours were worn,
 To distinguish the Parties as well as adorn;
 Thus the Parties of *Hampshire* adopt Colours too,
 Freedom's Sons choose the Orange join'd with the True-
 Blue.

II.

Their Foes bound the Purple round each venal Head,
 And call'd that True-Blue which was doom'd soon to
 fade;
 But the Blue of the Sky is the Native and True;
 Freedom's Sons graft the Orange on Nature's True-Blue.

III.

Who the Praise of our Orange and Blue will deny?
 The Sun clad in Orange rolls thro' the blue Sky:
 Tho' Clouds of Oppression their Charms overspread,
 Those Clouds are dispell'd, and our Colours display'd.

IV.

Ye fair Maids of *Hampshire*, whose Beauties should warm
 Each Heart that the Transports of Beauty can charm;
 Detest the stain'd Purple of *Arington's* Crew,
 And wear in your Bosoms the Orange and Blue.

May the soft Breasts of Beauty those Colours still prize,
 And our Foes tarnish'd Favours for ever despise;
 May they blest only those who to Freedom are true,
 And embrace with sweet Rapture the Orange and Blue.

The WHIG COLOURS maintained
 against Usurpers;

Or, ORANGE and BLUE.

Tune—*Derry Down.*

YE Tories, who falsely hang out Orange Capes,
 Take Care, lest ye get yourselves into sad Scrapes;
 For however ye bluster, or whate'er ye do,
 We Whigs only justly claim Orange and Blue.
Derry down, &c.

II.

For alas! to your Cost, tho' too late ye will find,
 Of Orange, you'll never taste more than the Rind;
 You know not the Bliss that its Fruit can produce,
 But its Blessing we've felt, and have tasted the Juice.
Derry down, &c.

III.

Then to Russell and Jervoise our Votes let us give,
 Who the Orange protect, and will keep it alive:
 May their Enemies have for their Collar a Rope,
 And find out any Cape, but the Cape of Good Hope.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

By Interest guided, to R— they adhere,
 But their Colours will fade, and the Thorn will appear;
 And while the tame Slaves to Corruption submit,
 They blindly fall into the bottomless Pitt.

Derry down, &c.

V.

But Russell and Jervoise, Men honest and free,
 Are crown'd with a Garland from Liberty's Tree:
 In so noble a Cause let us ne'er be dismay'd,
 'Tis an Evergreen, Freeman, that never will fade.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Fair Gratitude came from the Regions above,
 And a Chaplet of Orange she curiously wove:
 Wear this in Remembrance of Freedom restor'd
 She said, and each Briton caught Fire at the Word.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

But Liberty, jealous of Gratitude grown,
 Cry'd, my Sons wear my Colours, your Hearts are my own:
 To her own native Heaven she presently flew,
 And descended again with a Wreath of Sky Blue.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

This all Freeman receiv'd, and with Orange combin'd,
 The Chaplet of Freedom and Gratitude twin'd;
 Then wear it ye Whigs, as your Fathers of yore,
 Be grateful and free, and what can ye be more.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

And ye Tories relinquish what is not your Due,
 Your stain'd Purple resume, which you falsely call Blue;
 And leave to us Whigs, without any more Bustle,
 Our Orange and Blue, our Jervoise and Russell.

Derry down, &c.

The Friends and Foes of Magna Charta ;

Or, KISSING goes by FAVOUR.

Tune.—*The Friend and Pitcher.*

THE hungry Wretch may sell his Voice,
For Pension, Place, for Bribe, or Garter,
And in such Meannesses may rejoice,
In hopes to crush our Magna Charta.

Curs'd then be Freedom's sordid Foes,
Who deem our Rights but Magna Farta,
Wou'd kiss the Arle of Georgey R—,
And wipe their own with Magna Charta.

II.

To servile Tools of Court, shall we,
Shall Hampshire Freemen e'er give Quarter?
At Interest's Shrine who bend the Knee,
And trample on our Magna Charta.

Curs'd then be Freedom's sordid Foes, &c.

III.

Here's to the noble-minded Man,
Who scorns a Briton's Rights to barter,
Who spurns at each oppressive Plan,
And dares defend our Magna Charta.

Curs'd then be Freedom's sordid Foes, &c.

IV.

Remember in what glorious Cause,
One noble Russell died a Martyr;
Fell in defence of Freedom's Laws,
Fell in Defence of Magna Charta.

Curs'd then be Freedom's sordid Foes, &c.

V.

A Russell now, and Jervoise too,
Of Tyrants Laws is each a Thwarter;
For they are our Champions firm and true,
Who dare defend our Magna Charta.

Curs'd then be Freedom's sordid Foes, &c.

